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## OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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## POETRY.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.  
WE ARE GROWING OLD.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise,  
When a glance in backward cast  
On some long remembered spot that lies  
In the silence of the past:  
It may be the shrine of earthly loves,  
But it seems like a far off tale to us,  
In the stormy sea of years.  
Oh, wide and wild are the waves that part  
Our steps from its greenness now,  
And we miss the joy of many a heart,  
And the light of many a brow;  
For deep over many a stately bark  
Have the whirling billows rolled,  
That gleamed with us from that early morn—  
Oh, friends, we are growing old.

Old in the dimness and the dust  
Of our daily toils and cares,  
Old in the wreaths of love and trust,  
Which our burdened memory bears,  
Each form may wear in the passing gaze  
The bloom of life's freshness yet,  
And beams may brighten our latter days,  
Which the morning never met.  
But oh, the changes we have seen,  
In the far and winding way;  
The graves in our path that have grown green,  
And the locks that have grown gray!  
The waters still in our own eyes spare  
The sable or the gold;  
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—  
And, friends, we are growing old.

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,  
We have learned to pause and bemoan;  
But where are the living fountains whose flow  
Was a joy to hear?  
We have won the wealth of many a clime,  
And the love of many an age;  
But where is the hope that saw in time  
But its boundless heritage?  
Will it come again when the violet wakes,  
And the earth's first greenness comes?  
We have stood in the light of many a breaker  
Where the bloom is deep and blue;  
And our souls might joy in the spring-time then,  
But the joy was faint and cold,  
For it never could give us the youth again  
Of hearts that are growing old.

## THE STORY FISHING.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

## THE TWIN ORPHANS;

OR,

## TRAITS OF THE SAILOR'S CHARACTER.

BY E. F. WELD.

### CHAPTER I.

The brig *Nereus* and *Mohawk* were lying in port on the N. E. together, and had for many days. Both vessels belonged to one owner, and while the one was away, after three years' absence to return home, the other was to remain trading upon the coast. Both vessels were alike short-handed, and an agreement had been made between the masters, to draw two men from the remaining vessel to man the homeward-bound. The *Mohawks* were the last comers, and her crew were called off, and in a few words the captain expressed his wishes, stating further that it remained with them to decide which should be the two. The day was given to them to spend as they chose, and the crew of the *Nereus* had a similar indulgence.

Liberty with 'Jack's' liberty, and to answer his ideas of the sailor, he must be assured, if it were on a sand beach even. Now leaving the ship's deck to the deck, and the mates to write letters, and the remaining functionaries, the cooks and the stewards, to talk of Philadelphia, which they are sure to visit when in funds, we will go ashore with the liberty men. Whenever a whalerman may put in to refit, or a chance merchantman may stop to trade, it may with safety be overed a pulperia or a gin-shop is to be found, and here, begging Jack's pardon for the same, you may be sure to find him. So having paid the way why, we will cross the threshold of Don Joze's grocery, and for a time being seat ourselves with the two crews. "Hold on a bit, not too fat with your conclusions; we are not about to join a riotous set of vagabonds, but the reverse—intelligent, honest, generous tars, men who would honor any calling, and who are here for the very reason that on shore there is no other place for them.

Homeward bound and outward bound are conversing together, and if you will listen, you find one theme mostly discussed, home. Yes, here are those destined to be absent, dictating kind messages and affectionate regards to friends, and as each dictates upon the good qualities of mother, wife and sweetheart, as the case may be, you may believe as he says, that in his opinion he never was so sweetheart, wife or mother, who could compete with his.

The question as to who should embark in the returning vessel has been decided by lot; though to look about the contented faces of the group, it would be a difficult matter to determine who

were the fortunate ones, so buoyant is the sailor's character. It had been a hard trial to some, and one boy had retired to give vent to his feelings unperceived. Young to his profession, he had been months absent on his first cruise; not from home for he had none.

"I say, shipmates, but won't I have a time then?" said Bill Smith. He was one of the fortunate ones. He did not leave home in a ship, but had joined on the coast, and was known to have a handsome son when he shipped.

"Once in Boston, I take my land tracks a-broad and herra for the country. Here I am, my old gal, says I, and do you see this handkerchief over the blunt; well, the standing part of that goes for making you comfortable, and I will lay back in the shade."

"Well, Bill, long as we've sailed together, I never heard of your wife afore," remarks one. "No more should you, then, my good fellow, but you will allow me to have a mother and I'm blawnd if I believe there ever was a better mother, with a worse son to wallow than I've been—say, though, did you mind how that youngster cried?"

"No." "Take my word for it, 'mates, but his heart is in the right place. If it was not for my old mother, God bless her, I would give him my chance, and stop the cruise with you."

At this moment, the lad in question entered the room, his tears were dried, though their traces were not effaced.

"Round too here, my lad," said Smith, "and give me your flipper. Don't hang down your head, my bantam—never be ashamed of a good heart; there's not the man here but likes you all the better for what you couldn't hide the while ago; and if Bill Smith hadn't a poor old mother on a sea shore d'ye see he would give his chance up to you. Now, then I will tell you what you must do. You just tell me how the land lays, and after I've seen my mother all right, I will find yours. I will tell her what a fine lad you have grown; what a good ship you have got, and the best ship's company to sail with I ever knew. She shall know her boy ain't forgot her; and you must send something to please her."

"I have no mother!" sobbed the little fellow. "Well, your father, then, my boy."

"There nobody cares for me but my poor twin sister; my father died when we were children."

"Tell me where she is, and I will find her."

"Oh, she is in the *work-house*, and no longer able to restrain his tears, he burst out crying afresh."

The lad's lonely state, and his tears for his sister, brought tears in turn from most of his listeners, and caused the thoughts of many to revert to their scenes of home and years of boyhood; and as they drew nearer, there was not one that did not pity him sincerely and feel the regard they all entertained for him strengthened.

The boy at length looked up and earnestly regarding Smith, said—

"Tell me, will you indeed see her?"

"Aye! my lad, and there is my hand on it!" and whilst the right hand was proffered for his grasp, the left brushed away an unbidden tear.

"Then, Smith," said the boy, "I will ask the captain to pay me, and you will give the *Squire* the money, and tell him he shall have all I can earn if he will take my sister from the *work-house*. She can earn something, and my wages will help the rest. You don't know indeed how I feel when I think of her, with nobody to care for her in the *work-house*, and me so well off with you all so kind to me?"

"Shipmates," said Smith, exultingly, "I was right when I said his heart was in the right place, and now cheer up, my lad, but blubber a bit I must, and I don't care who does see it. I count myself a man, but this youngster is more of a man at heart than me, and how do I know how it goes with my old mother? Here, before all hands, I promise to do all for both of you that I can. Aye, I'll be a brother to you—make yourself easy about your sister; she shall not only leave the *work-house*, but I will lay a plan that shall keep her clear off. Do you mind, my mother's roof shall be a bed for her. Now, then, my boy don't give it another thought; and meantime, just tell us all your life and how 'twas brought about you fell so low toeward."

"Aye, aye, my boy, tell us all about it," "twill lighten your heart, and mayhap we can plan something for you," said the rest.

"I cannot remember my father," said the lad, "but mother used to often speak of him. She told us how when he died they sold his house, and had to pay his debts. Mother hired a small house and kept a school for children and took in sewing."

"We were poor but happy, and we never wanted for clothes or food. We had a small garden and a shed, and they left mother a cow. In the summer the cow used to run in the street, and sister and me helped to take care of the garden. When the farmers got their hay in I worked with one and another, and they gave us hay enough to last all the winter."

"We were ten years old when mother died—she was sick a long time; a kind neighbor took care of her all the while. We did not know how sick she was until we were led to her bedside when she was dying. The kind woman that took care of my mother and told the last. Well, the day mother was buried, she took us home with her, and then she told us we could not go to our old home any more. I remember I stole away and went down the lane towards the house, but seeing the *Squire* and two other men come, I was frightened and hid. I saw the *Squire* lock the door, and put the key into his pocket, and one man turned the cow out and drove her to the river, and the other man drove her to the river. They threw stones at poor Rover, our old dog, but they could not drive him far, and before they were out of the lane he had come back and laid down on the door-step. After they had gone I went and laid down with Rover, and then I felt how lonely I was in the world, and it seemed as if my heart would break. I stand there a long time; it was dark when my sister came for me—for they watched me, and knew where I was. We tried hard to make Rover follow us—he would come a little way, then look up and whine and go back again. I remember sister began to cry, and then I left off and took hold of her hand and said things to her I could not feel to make her less unhappy, as we walked to the kind neighbors who had taken us to her home."

"Every day I used to steal away and go down to the house, and always carry something for Rover—and at last he followed me to my new home. We were treated very kindly, and we promised we would cry no more, and I kept my word till one day in going down the lane, I saw them putting all my mother's things in a pile before the door. Rover ran to the house and barked so he frightened them; he went in and they could not drive him away. I had stopped and did not dare some how to go close to the house, and they called me, saying if I did not come and take the dog, they would kill him. I went and had to tie a string round his neck and drag him away. One man spoke kindly to me and asked me if there was any thing he should buy for me 'for,' said he, 'the law was that the things things must all be sold to pay the doctor and other debts of the estate.' I asked him to get the big Bible that had our names and father and mother's in it, because I knew it would please sister, as we took turns to read to mother out of it. It was the last thing mother asked us to do when she lay dying, and the minister who was there showed us what to read. He said he would buy it, and he did, and brought it to us."

"Well, we said a good while with the kind woman who took us, who was poor herself. At last some of the folks who used to help her, said if she kept us, they would help her no longer, and we might all go to the *work-house* together—None of the farmers would take us; they all said we were too small to be of any use. I was like a second death to us when we left her roof for the *work-house*; but as some of the neighbors had told me how things were, I made my mind up that it was my place to go, and sister agreed with me. The day was fixed on, and our second mother bid us good night before hand telling us where our bread and milk would be in the morning, as she should run into a neighbors so as not see us when we left. That night after she thought us asleep, I heard her pray for us."

"Well, we breakfasted, and with full hearts took our road for the *work-house*—poor Rover following us. I kept my spirits up on account of sister, until we were in the yard, when I saw my faithful dog cuddled out, and the gate shut. I felt so bad I could not hold any longer but cried loud and long. Although they had taken us from our friends' house, they could not from her kind heart and remembrance, and every Sunday we were allowed to visit her and read to her."

"At last I took it into my head to run away, and get my sister's consent only, when I promised to come back and take her out. Our house-friend, when I told her, at first objected, as she said boys that went to sea forgot their friends; but at last she said I might. Now, in the *work-house* there was a good deal of yarn spun, and stockings and mittens knit, which were sent down to Boston to sell by the wagon that used to go with cheese, and such things, to market. The driver had long before said he would take me, and keep me and when we got to the city. So one morning I started and with my kind friend's blessings and half a dozen pair of socks she had me, but good-bye to my native town. The driver kept his word—he looked out for me in Boston till Mr. Ticecomb, the Shipping Master, hearing my story got me a chance in his brig."

"I like that old woman, though," said Bill, "and never fear, my lad, but she has kept an eye to what you did for your sister. So give me her name, and I will see her too."

"Her name was Gray."

"Gray—where did she hail from?"

"From—"

"God bless her, and you too, my boy!—tell me if she was hearty—for it is the first word a runaway son has heard for many a long day of his good old mother. Truly, she could say that sailors forget their friends. If but living, she shall never have room to complain again. Tell me, my boy, does she wear well?"

"Yes, many is the time that I have heard her speak of the good health she enjoyed."

"That's it—hurrah!" shouted the worthy tars, giving vent to his feelings. "Now, then, Don Joze, let it be your best—and we will all drink to a happy old age to her."

"Aye, will we?" said another of the sailors; "and mind, shipmates, to tell her that the *Mohawks*, man and boy, will give her a call when we get in. It will be a first rate talk to cherish a coach and take a turn inland; and we shall see a shipmate's sister at the same time, and what here's the 'old gal,' and the young 'un. A shock berth to the one, and a weather set to the other."

"Like a brand of brothers, with their joys and sorrows in common, all joined in the rejoicing; and Bill and the boy sat to the hands, and received the congratulations of all again and again. "Now, mates," said he who had called himself Smith, "one thing more. I've got a new ship, and there could not be a better to drop my partner's name—the *omnibus*, as I feel right proud of my mother's. For my part, now, with the youngster, I should like to go aboard and see it. Heave ahead, my hearty! We will all go with you," for the *Mohawks* have got a word to say in the old man, too."

The two masters arranged their business affairs, and sat about on the hen-coop; while the mates of both crafts stood chatting in the waist. "You did not tell the men to be off at this time, did you?" said the masters.

"No, sir, not this three hours," responded the mates. "I expect they want to finish their frolic on board."

"Just see dat, now!" said the cook, "dem boys can't get along widout me;" and the grand-natured negro brought a fiddle as black as himself from its hiding-place, and proceeded to put it in tune.

"Supper first, doctor," said the Captain, in pleasant tone.

"Aye, aye, sir," and the cook's funnel became a smoke-pipe, while the hiss of the fry-pan struck the ear, though now and then another sound was faintly heard to emanate from the same office, not unlike the twang of a fiddle string.

The boats had gained the side, and the gang-way was thronged with happy faces. As soon as stopping and removing their hats when within a few feet of their masters.

"Well, men, have you settled who is to go?" "Yes, sir."

"Now, then, what else is in the wind?—out with it at once—short yarns."

"Well, d'ye see, sir," said Gray, advancing and leading the youngster forward, while the rest closed round—"we've all got a favor to ask for this boy, if you please. If you have no objection, we'd like to have his wages paid, or an order for them given for me to take home for him."

"So modest a request as that I can't listen to without a sufficient reason," said the captain;—"another thing, the boy is under age."

Gray now backed his request by a repetition of the boy's story, not forgetting in his honest pride the shire his mother bore in it. A glance of approbation was exchanged between the masters, and the request granted. The men as yet did not retire, and one old tar took the place of Gray.

"Well, Ashton, as you seem to be the man, what do you want?"

"I would ask a half month's pay for each of the *Mohawks*, if you please, Captain, to send home to the youngster's sister."

"Why, Ashton, do you know what you're about? Tell us frankly what notion you've got in your head?"

"Well, you see, sir, we've talked the matter over, and thought as how what we could raise matter with the lad's wages, would set the end clear of the land sharks; and put her in the military way, or such like as Gray's mother thought best. You see what friends they has are 'hard a weather,' and any of us would feel bad at heart of a night watch, if we'd only one sister to think of, and her's a case like this."

"Cheerfully, my good fellow, will I grant your request; and you are a noble set of fellows to feel so, and count me as one of you."

"The whole ship's company, if you please, Captain," said the mate.

"The *Nereus* ask the same favor," said another; "the same amount for the same purpose."

"With the same unanimity," rejoined their Captain, "and they shall have it. We will see to drawing up the proper letters, and you, my boys, will feel happy in thinking you have saved an orphan girl a life of degradation. Away with you, now."

They barely cleared the quarter-deck, when all hands, with hats off, made the bay ring again with three hearty cheers, while the shores responded in distant echoes, as if nature rejoiced with, and in her own children.

"Stupper that?" shouted the mate; "get your suppers, and we will see who is the best dancer." And the eve of their liberty day was a happy one.

The morning's dawn saw the *Nereus* canvass-capped, a cloud in the horizon.

### CHAPTER II.

It would be as utterly impossible to paint the joy of Gray's mother, upon meeting her son, in his return, as it would the gratitude of the orphan girl at finding herself again an inmate of Mrs. Gray's cottage, and an apprentice to the milliner, as well clad as any of the girls in her station, and by far happier, for she had known adversity. The runaway son became straight attached to home for more than one reason. All the recollections of the sailor were forgotten, and "ere the habits of the *Mohawks*, he trod the quarter-deck an officer; while the *work-house* girl that was, but awaited a brother's return to become the wife of his former shipmate and friend."

It was summer, and the quiet of the little village where the parties resided was such that might have tempted one to a sojourn in the road, so inclined, without placing himself in great jeopardy. Gray was at home, daily employed about the garden, in front of his mother's cottage. At one of its windows was to be seen a blooming comely young woman, waiting over an old-fashioned ed massive fire. On the threshold by the house-door—not the attenuated and gaunt Rover of former days, but as sleek and well-conditioned as dog as you would wish to see.

The cottage of Mrs. Gray was not singular in its repose, for the same air of quiet reigned throughout the place. The quiet was suddenly broken upon, however; clouds of dust filled the open windows, and some little went down the middle and entered the eyes of the gray-haired woman, who turned her head out of these apertures. The village dogs barked, and the dirty little mechanics, while the older part of the population walked to such a degree that while the *Squire* was out, not that the *Mohawks* were alone in this, for a

doors without his wig, his daughter forgot her hair was in papers. Miss Griggs never thought that her arms were bare and her hands covered with dough; and the very bells of the town run into the road with her red arm encased in a stocking she was mending. What blushing, simpering, graceful maneuvering was displayed, by the different parties, upon a return to consciousness, as they retreated to their various domicils!

The city resident will smile when informed that the cause of this commotion was the passing of an omnibus. But then it was the first that ever appeared in their streets, and was no ordinary one, either, but very large, and very gaudy, and drawn by six white horses—and the lead horses were decked with two miniature flags, while from a flag-staff erect on the top of the carriage floated the union jack. As it passed, music and song had been heard. It now drew near the cottage of Mother Gray, before it became visible to the family. The burden of a well-known song caused "Bill" to drop his spade, his mother her book, and the girl her needle; while old Rover looked as though he did not know what sleep was. Now was heard the shout, as dust-enveloped they drew nearer. The "Union Jack" explained the matter to Bill, and shouting "Hurrah, it's the *Mohawks*!" he ran for the gate, accompanied by Rover, who appeared as rejoiced as Bill. By the time he reached the gate the carriage had drawn up, and its happy inmates came tumbling out in manner of ways, save by the door. Bill had his hands and heart full, as he met his old friends, while Rover jumped upon one and another, as if he knew and understood their kindness. Before the shaking of hands was over, and their friendly greetings through, the work-house boy had clasped his sister, and mother by adoption, in his arms.

"All's right, heave ahead, my harties!" shouted old Ashton, as with Bill he led the way to the house. Oh, but there was a joyous evening there. Old Mother Gray received them like so many sons, and the frank, honest ways of the worthy men ingratiated them in her favor; while the blushing girl, surrounded by her benefactors, did not know which way to turn; though it did not matter much, for turn which way she would, there was some one ready with a smile; and the musical cook, with his old fiddle under his arm, made a particular display of ivory.

The best room at the tavern was monopolized that evening by the *Mohawks*, and the landlord did, as he said, "an average business." The bar-room was full of the curious, but not a syllable of information got they yet from Ruffian.

He merely told them that his guests paid for their rooms and refreshments, and that they meddled with none of other people's business. At last the front room was opened, and the *Mohawks* were about to retire, when the town's people heard something for their pains. Old Ashton exclaimed "all's right" as he was shown to his chamber.

The next morning Gray started for the city in the tavern-keeper's carriage; and through the early part of the day the *Mohawks* were very busy in and round Mrs. Gray's cottage. The old elm tree was mounted, and a flag-staff lashed aloft, so as to o'ertop the highest limb. Before noon they had finished their tasks, and Mother Gray's front door and parlor were festooned and decorated with evergreen, flowers and pine boughs, in a very tasteful manner. The cottage was left to its inmates, and old Rover even deserted his post to follow the *Mohawks*, who now felt perfectly at home at the village inn. Before night Gray returned, and when the vehicle entered the yard, the *Mohawks* were drawn up under old Ashton to receive their Captain and officers. If the landlord felt important before he felt more so now. With their natural politeness, the men resigned the parlor to their officers. The villagers were more anxious than ever as the minister and Esq. came down the street and entered the tavern together, and they stood round the inn wondering what it would end in. Since Gray's return a clothes pile had been put in requisition for a flag-staff, and lashed to the chimney, and now the bird's "hergees" was hoisted on it, flying where "hergees" never flew before, over the roof of a country tavern. It lent the house quite an imposing appearance, being a blue flag, with the word *Mohawk* in large white letters. The sailors now returned to the cottage, and ranged themselves upon both sides, without the door, as precisely as men-of-war-men at muster.

And now the Minister and Squire, and the landlord of the inn and the Captain, together with his two officers, approached the cottage, in the porch of which stood Gray and his mother.

"Aloft there," growled old Ashton.

"Holloa!" was the response from the furks of the tree.

"Hoist away as they bear down."

"Aye! aye!"

As the party left the road taking the path for the cottage, the union-jack was run aloft and the heads of the men were uncovered. They entered the cottage in the same order they came down the street, the sailors following. Old Ashton had the honor of giving the bride away, and performed his part to a charm; the gray hairs of the old man lending quite a dignified air to his appearance. The ceremony was over, and the triumphant girl was the wife of her shipmate.

The awkward silence which followed the last response was broken by old Ashton's exclamations—

"I say, all's right, hey?"

"Certainly, sir," said the divine, with a bow.

"Away, then—tumble out your lubberly sea dogs, and tell the world the job's done." And the hip-hip-huzzar of the *Mohawks* made echo the ring again.

The tavern windows were illuminated that night and the merry dancers about the very house—our old friend the cook leading the orchestra;—not that the *Mohawks* were alone in this, for a



a general invitation to the villagers had been given, and by the many accepted; and a very pleasant affair it proved to all.

The 'omnibus' with the Mohawks left town the next morning, after taking a 'round turn' through the place. They have never visited there in a body since, for their profession has separated them, although Gray's old ship-mates still visit his wife and mother; and the tavern that used to be, now has become the Mohawk House.

#### 29th Congress.—1st Session.

MONDAY, Feb. 16.

IN SENATE. The Vice President presented a memorial from citizens of Pa., in favor of an amendment to the Constitution, for prohibiting slavery, which was laid on the table.

After the presentation of memorials, &c., the Oregon Resolutions were taken up, and Mr. Hannegan, of Indiana, spoke about two hours on the subject, and particularly in support of his own Resolutions against compromise or arbitration. He vindicated our title to the whole of Oregon, and supported it by reference to the authority of Mr. Clay, who had declared in a speech in the Senate, that the title which we derived from Spain was good against Great Britain up to the northernmost Spanish settlement at Nootka Sound, in latitude about 50, and good against Russia up to 55 deg.; further, our title to the whole territory drained by the waters of the Columbia River, as derived from discovery, exploration, &c., was good against the whole world. He objected to the compromise on the 49th parallel, and declared that he would rather give up the whole country.

In reply to a remark made on a former day by Mr. Mangum, that Oregon was not worth contending for, he went into some statements to show its great agricultural and commercial value.

Mr. Mangum here remarked that he had made no assertion as to the value of Oregon, for the reason that our information in regard to it was very contradictory—some writers having asserted that it was poor, barren, without water, and some of its champions among the Western members having asserted in the House that it was well adapted to the cultivation of sugar and cotton up to 61 degrees.

Mr. Hannegan, in rejoinder, said this was a mistake; for, said he, if it was fit for sugar and cotton culture, the South would have claimed the whole of it long ago. In commenting on Mr. Calhoun's position as an advocate of peace, he remarked, that the real cause of offence that we had given Great Britain was in Mr. C.'s letter to Mr. King, in Paris; very soon after which letter, Great Britain commenced arming. Mr. H. vindicated the course of the President, in refusing arbitration, and said that such was the character of the press that condemned his course, that their adverse opinion proved the President to have been in the right.

Mr. Colquitt has the floor to-morrow. In House. Three several resolutions were offered at different times by Messrs G. Davis, Schenck and Vinton, ordering the late project of the Secretary of the Treasury for a tariff bill to be printed for the use of the House.

The project was furnished to the committee on ways and means by the secretary of the treasury at their request.

The objection to presenting it seemed to be that it was not called for by the House and did not belong to it. Each proposition was laid on the table by a decided vote.

Mr. Campbell, of New York, presented several petitions praying congress to allow deputy postmasters to be elected by the people, or requiring that they should not be removed except for good cause. A resolution of inquiry was proposed upon the subject, but objected to by Mr. McKay, of N. C.

A resolution proposing the pre-payment of postage was introduced, and another looking to the transmission of newspapers free of postage. Adjourned.

TUESDAY, Feb. 17.

IN SENATE. Mr. Allen, from the committee on foreign relations, reported the joint resolution from the House, abrogating the convention of 1827, without amendment. He was instructed, he said, to move that the resolution be made the special order of this day at 1 o'clock, which was agreed to.

The Oregon question was then taken up. Mr. Colquitt spoke for one hour and a half, expressing himself emphatically in favor of the "notice," which was a question entirely distinct from that of title. The notice was a peace measure—it ought to be at once given; and then as to the settlement of the question of title, he desired it to be allowed to remain in the hands of the negotiators, relying confidently on the wisdom and integrity of the President.

Mr. Dix has the floor to-morrow. In House. Mr. Thomas Smith again offered his resolution instructing the committee on foreign affairs to inquire into the expediency of reporting a joint resolution requesting the President to enter into negotiation with Spain for the purchase of Cuba; and it lies over, under objection, for debate.

The bill making appropriations for the payment of revolutionary pensions for 1847, and other purposes was amended and passed.

The House went into committee on the Indian appropriation bill.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 18.

IN SENATE. Mr. Turner presented the resolutions of the Tennessee Legislature in relation to Oregon, and expressed himself in favor of the whole of Oregon.

Mr. Evans offered a resolution calling upon the President for copies of any correspondence or information in the State Department relative to the Ship Canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

The Oregon debate was resumed by Mr. Dix, of New York, who made a long and elaborate argument upon the question of title. He contended that we had a good title through Spain to the whole of Oregon. Mr. Dix gave way to a motion to adjourn at three o'clock, without closing his argument.

In House. Mr. Martin of Kentucky, introduced a bill from the committee on mileage, to allow members for traveling, eight dollars for every 20 miles traveled by them on the way to and from

Washington, up to twelve hundred miles—over that, ten dollars for every hundred miles. Read and referred, by yeas and nays, to the committee of the whole.

The Indian appropriation bill was then taken up in committee of the whole, Mr. Bowlin of Missouri, in the chair.

Mr. Giddings, amidst several interruptions, got through a zealous speech, denunciatory of the Slave institutions of the South. In the course of his remarks he said that the item in the Bill appropriating \$205,000 for the Seminole Indians for fugitive Slaves, which had been captured by them. This treaty had been kept secret from Congress and the People, and he believed that not more than four members of the House had ever seen this treaty.

The Bill was before the committee until the adjournment.

THURSDAY, Feb. 19.

IN SENATE. A message was received from the President, transmitting all the information in the State Department on the subject of the first instalments of Mexican indemnity.

Mr. Dix concluded his historical view of the Oregon title, from which he inferred that our title was good to the whole of Oregon. He denied the sovereign rights of all others in the Oregon territory, and admitted that the proposition to give the notice was a step towards our assertion of paramount rights over the territory. He did not think, however, that it would lead to war, either immediately or hereafter; but if war should take place, he did not consider that the country was altogether so defenceless and weak as had been represented. In regard to the city of New York, he said that it was not in a defenceless condition—it could resist the attack of a very powerful naval force.

Mr. Benton followed, who made a very strong speech in favor of the termination of the convention of joint occupancy. He referred to many evils which its continuance would produce—to the collisions which would arise between the British and American settlers, and a consequent war between the two countries. He approved of the entire course of the President on this subject. He approved of his offer of a compromise, which had calmed the irritation on the part of the British government and people, which was produced by President Polk's inaugural. He particularly approved of the rejection of the offer of arbitration. The notice would be a prelude to a negotiation and a compromise, and the juncture was exceedingly favorable for it.—the relations between the two countries being of the most harmonious description. Mr. B. complimented the Senator from New York Mr. Dix, upon the ability with which he had sustained the American title to Oregon.

Mr. Dickinson, of N. Y., has the floor for Monday next.

In House. Another attempt was made by Mr. G. Davis, to procure the printing for the use of the House, of the Tariff project prepared by the Secretary of the Treasury for the Committee of Ways and Means; but the motion was laid on the table.

The committee on Mileage reported a supplemental Bill regulating the mileage of Senators, which by some construction of the existing law, has been greater than the allowance made to members of the House. That is to say, the proper Committee of the Senate has given a different construction to the law, from that which the Mileage Committee of the House has adopted.

The House spent the remainder of their sitting upon the Indian Appropriation Bill, which was finally passed.

FRIDAY, Feb. 20.

The Senate did not sit.

In House. The first business of the House was to pass the bill to deprive the Senators of mileage for constructive traveling. It is in these terms:

"No Senator shall receive or be allowed any travel fees whatever for attending any called Executive session of the Senate, unless he shall have actually traveled and performed the journey for attending such meeting; and that no constructive travel to attend such Executive session shall be made or in any case allowed."

The bill was ordered to be engrossed by a majority of 141 to 10, and its final passage was without opposition. The residue of the day was devoted to the private calendar.

SATURDAY, Feb. 21.

The Senate did not sit.

In House. The House on motion of Mr. Yancy, agreed that, when it adjourned, it would adjourn over to Tuesday next, for the purpose of doing honor to Washington's birth day.

An effective effort was made to call up the Bill establishing a line of military posts in Oregon.

The House went into Committee on private Bills, and was engaged in them till a late hour.

#### THE AMERICAN OFFER OF COMPROMISE.

We refer the reader to the news from England by the Cambria, that it may be seen in what light the rejection by Mr. Pakenham of the American offer of compromise on the basis of the 49th parallel, was regarded in that country. The expressions contained in the Queen's speech and more particularly those dropped by Mr. Hume, Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel, in a debate in Parliament upon the subject, convey an indirect censure upon Mr. Pakenham for having rejected the American offer, without having first submitted it to the Home Government.

Lord Russell, who has hereafter been some what ultra on Oregon) conceived that this offer had changed the whole state of the question, and he characterized the rejection of the offer by the British Minister as a "rash proceeding." Sir Robert Peel in reply, while he defends the motives, does not, it will be perceived, attempt to defend the acts of Mr. Pakenham; but declares that it would have been better had he transmitted that proposal to the home government for their consideration." Sir Robert Peel, of course did not nor would not declare, (what is very probable) that it would have been accepted—but said "if found in itself unsatisfactory, it might probably have formed the foundation for a further proposal." It is very evident that the British are entirely dissatisfied with the manner in which

Mr. Pakenham has managed the negotiations, and the predicament in which his rejection of the offer of the 49th parallel has left the British government is felt to be a very awkward one. Age.

#### OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MARCH 3, 1846.

#### THE GREAT EXPRESS.

We copy the following account of the express that passed through this country to Montreal week before last from the Portland Argus.

The Great Express of New York, to accelerate the news by the Cambria, from Halifax, through this city and Boston, to New York and Philadelphia, originated wholly out of this State. The arrangements made within this State, and to Halifax, were all carried out in good faith.

The unusual course taken by Capt. Judkins and others, at Halifax, threatened to defeat the enterprise; but its real effect was merely to produce some delay, and so no inconvenience. Notwithstanding all the exertions made, and the unusual risks run by the Steamer to reach Boston before the Express should, she was completely distanced, and Captain Judkins and his associates foiled.

The connection of New York with the Express sent from this city to our friends at Montreal, was, of course, an incident not embraced by the original projectors. It grew out of the peculiar circumstances of the case, and afforded us an opportunity of setting the fact, that a direct communication from Nova Scotia, either by Steamship alone, or by horse power and steam combined, is, and must ever be, the shortest and surest route for communication between Great Britain, as well as New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with Montreal and the rest of Canada.

An account somewhat in detail, of the progress of the Portland Express, is due to the forethought and energy—the prudence and determination of the principal actors, and will be gratifying to all our citizens. The uncertainty of the hour of arrival at Portland, of the Steamer Kennebec, necessarily required a strict, steady and persevering watch to catch the moment of her approach within the range of our horizon. This was most effectively accomplished by the Eagle eyes of Mr. Enoch Moody and his associates, and the fact immediately communicated.

The arrangements to express the latest dates from New York, Boston and Portland, and such information as should be obtained from the steamer Cambria, were conducted by Messrs. G. G. Waterhouse, and S. T. Corser. It was arranged into three divisions, and no calculation could be made upon the hour of its leaving Portland, the time assigned for each portion of the route was based upon its being run in the day time.

At fifteen minutes past 5 o'clock P. M. of the 18th inst., Mr. Orrin Hobbs started, having the benefit of something less than an hour of daylight, during which his progress was within the time assigned, and though owing to the night he had the misfortune of meeting with a few upsets and accidents, he reached his destination, within 14 minutes of marked time. Distance 74 miles in 4 hours and 35 minutes.

At Andover Mr. A. Dodge received the package and at 10 o'clock, night, moved forward with unexampled speed to his point at Sherbrooke, Canada, which he reached within four minutes of marked time—distance 20 miles in 7 hours and 37 minutes. Within this portion of distance have been given a local habitation and a name, by the opponents of the Railroad, to all the impassable obstacles and appalling difficulties which their excited and heated imaginations have conceived and which their presses have so touchingly portrayed.

At Sherbrooke, Mr. G. G. Waterhouse personally took charge of the Express, and after delivering that portion belonging to that town, proceeded at 5 o'clock 47 minutes A. M. of the 19th inst., and going at the rate of 20 miles the hour, for a portion of his route, arrived at Montreal within marked time—distance 61 miles in 6 hours and 12 minutes.

From Halifax through Annapolis to Portland by horse power and steam, in 31 hours and 30 minutes—distance 412 miles. From Portland through Sherbrooke to Montreal by horse power in 18 hours and 24 minutes—distance 255 miles; making the whole distance 667 miles, and including the loss of time in changing the Express from horse to boat and boat to horse, completely accomplished in 59 hours and 40 minutes.

Great praise is most certainly due to each and all of the Conductors for the masterly manner in which this enterprise has been executed. Mr. Barker of this city, for his efficient aid, and the inhabitants of the several towns through which the Express passed, for their labors and exertions to remove the obstacles on the road occasioned by the snow storm of the 15th inst., and by the high winds which succeeded it, are most deservedly entitled to the hearty thanks of all the friends to the Portland and Montreal Rail Road in Canada and in Maine.

The route taken by Messrs. Hobbs, Dodge, and Waterhouse, traversed the roads nearest to one of the several routes surveyed by the Engineers, and consequently they passed over all the summits within that range of land.

From the Montreal Herald of Feb. 21.

"The superiority of the Portland line of communication with Montreal was completely shown by the rapid transit of an express at twelve o'clock noon, 19th inst., which had left Portland the day previous at a quarter to five o'clock in the afternoon, thus completing the distance in thirteen hours."

The news by the Cambria, by way of Boston, arrived in Montreal on Saturday night at 12 o'clock, sixty hours after the arrival of Mr. Waterhouse.

#### TOWN OFFICERS.

At the Annual Meeting of the citizens of this town, held at the Town House yesterday, Dr. T. H. Brown was chosen Moderator, and Hiram Hubbard, Esq., Town Clerk.

Isaac Harlow, Esq., Levi Thayer, and Amos

rica Bisbee, Esq., were chosen Selectmen, Assessors, and Overseers of the Poor.

Joseph G. Cole, Esq., Treasurer, and Town Agent.

The town instructed the Selectmen to grant no Licenses for the sale of spirituous liquors, except for Medicinal and Mechanical purposes.

NEWSPAPER CHANGE.—Mr. Ira Berry has relinquished his connection with the Norway Advertiser and that paper will hereafter be published by Mr. Edwin Plummer.

For the Democrat.

Mr. Edmon.—A Temperance meeting was held at the meeting House in this village on the 24th ultimo, and a Mr. Lawton, of Gardner, who, by the way, is, or has been, a Clergyman of some denomination, addressed the meeting. Some of the Rev. gentleman's remarks were very good and such as the audience were pleased with, but a large portion of the address consisted of low anecdotes which would be better received from a Circus Clown than a Clergyman on any occasion. If a reformed inebriate, in the ardor of his soul for the cause, may be allowed some latitude in bringing his images to the view of his hearers, it does not follow that every Temperance Lecturer should descend to low invective, and assault, with vile epithets, those who honestly differ in opinion about the means to be employed to bring about the triumph of the principles of Temperance, and it is very desirable that, for the honor of their profession, and for the honor of the good cause of Temperance, gentlemen, who are looked up to as patterns of propriety, morality, and Christianity, should take a more exalted position in their public lectures.

It was not, however, the object of this communication to provoke a controversy with the Lecturer, but to discuss the propriety and expediency of passing certain resolutions which were introduced at the meeting, one of which was, in substance, that prosecutions should be forthwith commenced against all persons in this town who are selling spirituous liquors without license.

Now, is it not wise to inquire what effects have been produced in other places, where the laws have been rigidly enforced, before we pursue a similar course?

It is well known that the Temperance people of the City of Portland, and of some other towns, have instituted legal proceedings against retailers, and have determined to close up all these avenues of evil within their respective limits by the "strong arm of the law." For a time, every retailer in the City who would not give up the traffic was prosecuted. But within the last year there have been but few prosecutions, and spirits are sold to an extent unknown for several previous years. The public sale might be lessened during the pending of prosecutions, but would probably be carried on, to some extent, "behind the curtain," and the demoralizing sin of hypocrisy would be added to that of retailing strong drinks. When prosecutions are stayed and the restraint is removed, the retailer will return to his occupation with renewed vigor and pursue it to such an extent as to more than make up for lost time. If more good could be produced by the use of law than by any other means, then all Temperance men ought to join with heart and hand to drive the monster Alcohol from the land by this means. But if prosecutions have failed to produce the desired effect in Portland, would they be likely to accomplish it here?

The law was not employed by Washingtonians in producing the great moral revolution which brought joy and gladness to so many disconsolate hearts. They were governed by principles of love, and were ready to throw the mantle of charity over the faults of a fellow being, not only seven times, but seventy times seven, calling him by the endearing name of brother. Human nature revolts at the very idea of compulsion, and many of the brave hearts who relented under such treatment and joined the Temperance Army, would have been stationary each had they supposed the subject of Temperance would ever be connected with politics or law. Then they did not assail the business of the retailer, although it was then and is now a nefarious trade, but they endeavored to park away his customers and close their doors and ban with the band of Temperance brethren. Moral means only were to be used to eradicate a moral evil. And if efforts of Temperance men had been directed to this end from that time to the present, instead of exciting the baser passions by persecutions and imprisonments, much more permanent good would have been accomplished than is now witnessed. SENTENTIA.

#### PORTLAND AND MONTREAL RAIL ROAD.

Judge Preble returned from England in the steamship Cambria, and we find in the Portland Argus of the 21st inst., a correspondence between him and Mr. Mussey of Portland, in which certain mis-statements of the Liverpool Times are corrected.

It seems that an English company, known as the "British American Land Company," is the proprietor of a large body of lands in Canada, likely to be benefited by the Montreal and Portland Railroad. Judge Preble, by invitation, addressed the Directors of this company on the 9th of January, and on the 25th of January addressed a meeting of its stockholders. His statements were received with hearty approbation on both occasions. No distinct proposition to take stock in the Portland rail road was made, and of course no such proposition was rejected. The Liverpool Times is therefore incorrect in stating that there was such a rejection.

Judge Preble says that the Directors and stockholders of the company referred to, expressed themselves to him friendly to a subscription of \$200,000, or 100,000, in the Portland road, in the event of the continuance of pacific relations between England and America. [Age.]

Frak of Electricity. At Oswego, some time since, it appears that a blacksmith shop was struck by lightning in two distinct currents.—

The first divided on the roof, shivered to pieces the corner post of the building, near which a man was at work, who was thrown across the shop under a bench, and his chisels, bits, and augurs &c., hanging in frame work, were carried out of the window and were never afterwards found. Many tools on the bench were melted in spots. The hair of the man was singed, and his neck and arm nearest the post were burned severely; otherwise he was not injured. A man below, holding in his hand a piece of iron, the end of which was melted, was uninjured, and a man standing by remarked that it seemed to him as if a cannon ball had carried off both legs, and a strip of his pantaloons, from one end to the other was singed threadbare. The other current threw down the chimney, and carried a man standing by it across the shop, with considerable injury. It is remarkable, that amid the flying splinters, bricks, tools, &c., there were no flying sparks. The effect of the shock deranged some of the workmen, temporarily, and produced for a day or two singular nervous phenomena.

#### A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

The Kennebec Journal and Sir Robert Peel, appear to be at loggerheads upon the subject of the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The Journal thinks that the report is a bundle of absurdities, from beginning to end, and is moreover, a document characterized by no ability, and its suggestions entitled to no respect.

Sir Robert Peel seem to think otherwise, as appears by the following scrap of foreign news: Sir Robert Peel spoke highly of the report (of the American Secretary of the Treasury) in the great speech in which he introduced the new tariff; and, subsequently, at the request of Lord Montagu, the Government consented to reprint the document, and place it on the table of both Houses of Parliament—an honor which was probably never awarded to any similar document before. Age.

Fatal Accident. The Skowhegan Clarion states that a son of Mr. William McKechnie of Norridgewock, (John Eldridge) aged 14, died of brain fever, caused by an accidental blow on the head with an axe, six days previous, inflicted by his brother while splinting wood.

Ocean Steamships. We learn that in addition to the Atlantic line announced in this paper a few days since, the government has entered into a contract for the construction of a line of steamships to ply between New Orleans and Galveston, the contractor, Mr. Morgan, of this city, to receive two thirds of the postage. As with the Atlantic line, the vessels are to be of such strength as will fit them for war purposes in case of need.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

A Huger Revolt occurred on the plantation of Huger, Hern & Co., near New Orleans, on the 13th inst. The occasion was the order to whip one of the slaves, who rebelled, and was joined by the others. Two or three of them were shot down, several others badly wounded, and seven or eight fled to the woods. A planter's court was called, and all the negroes were sentenced to a severe flogging, which was executed.

Negotiation.—The letter-writers will insist upon it, that some further correspondence has taken place on the question of Oregon—no even positively affirms that an understanding has been completed for a final arrangement. Others, again, will have it that a negotiation is going forward upon the principle of conceding Oregon on the condition of modifying the tariff. If any of these things have taken place, we certainly are not advised of it.

Certainly, so far as we have seen the last news which has been brought by the Cambria, we should suppose that the prospect of negotiation is increased.—Washington Union.

Naval. Pensacola, Feb. 14.—The U. S. ships Falmouth, Commander Jarvis, bearing the broad pennant of Commander David Conner; John Adams, Commander McChiney, and St. Mary's Commander Sandreus, sailed from this port on Monday last; destination, Vera Cruz.

The steam frigate Mississippi, Capt. Fitzhugh, and the brig Somers, Commander Ingraham, are in port. The former, it is said, is ill ready for sea, and waiting for despatches for Mr. Shidell, which are daily expected from Washington.

The Raritan, Capt. Gregory, is daily expected here from the Brazils.

The razee Independence is now fitting out, and is to be the flag ship of Commodore Perry who is to relieve Commodore Conner.—Gaz.

Important intelligence from Burmah. We understand that the important intelligence of the delusionment of Tharawaddy, the Burmese usurper and tyrant, and of the accession of the Prince Mahkhar, has been received at the Baptist mission rooms in Boston. The Prince is well known as a man of gentle, tender and studious habits, the intimate friend of Rev. Kimball, a distinguished missionary who was obliged to leave Ava at the time of the usurpation of Tharawaddy.

From Mexico via Havana.—Intelligence from the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz in the 31st of January, received by the New York Herald, is that Parades remains in the undisturbed enjoyment of the powers which his military force acquired for him. All accounts of revolutions, subversive of his authority, which date prior to the 31st of January, are falsified by this intelligence. No movement up to that time was made, or appears contemplated, against his power and authority.







